DARK HORSE COMICS

#3 of 4

THE WITCHER®

WILD ANIMALS

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CD PROJEKT RED®

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3 of 4

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"THAT YER *FINAL* WORD, WITCHER?"

"NOT AN *ASSASSIN FOR HIRE,* EKEROT."

"YE HUNT *MONSTERS.* AN 'E'S ONE HISSELF."

"DON'T HUNT *INTELLIGENT* BEINGS. HUMANS INCLUDED."

"*INTELLIGENT...*

"...HOW D'YE FIGURE 'E'S *THAT?*"

BUH-KAWW

Eh, WITCHER? I SAYS, *HOW* D'YE KNOW HE'S--

Wait.

BUK-BUK-

YOU...HAVEN'T CAUGHT 'IM YET-- WITH ALL YOUR MEN. *THAT'S* HOW...

AN' WHAT MAKES YE THINK *'E'S STILL 'UMAN?*

HUH

JARL EKEROT, SIR-- THAT THERE 'EN YER GUEST'S 'OLDIN' BELONGS TO *ME.*

BELONGS TO *YOU,* *huh...*

GERALT...? MIGHT YE OBLIGE?

WHORESON!

IF THIS ANIMAL BELONGS TO HIM, THEN WHY IS IT *RUNNING AWAY?*

KLUK-BUK-

LISTEN 'ERE, WITCHER. FOR YEARS, STRANDMARK AN' 'IS WIFE SUPPLIED US MILK.

LAST WEEK SHE WERE FOUND *SLAIN*... THE FECKERS'D *CUT OFF 'ER BREASTS!*

AN' THAT LAD THERE?

A *BLACKSMITH,* HIS FATHER WAS.

THEY SHOD 'IS FEET LIKE AN 'ORSE'S-- *BLED TO DEATH.*

THULIN, A FISHERMAN-- *DROWNED.*

THE HEN-KEEPER, PAVLO. *BE'EADED.*

INGA THE TANNER, *EATEN ALIVE BY WOLVES.* IN 'ER *OWN 'OME!*

TO *YE,* AN *INTELLIGENT BEIN'*...TO *ME,* A *MONSTER* WHO *KILLS FER PLEASURE!*

"SAW THE DROWNER CORPSES-- HACKED TO PIECES. WASN'T SELF-DEFENSE, NO. WAS OUT OF SOME PERVERSE NEED...

"YOU'RE HOLDING 'EM *CAPTIVE,* EKEROT, KEEPIN' THEM ALIVE. *THE HELL FOR?"*

"THAT *NORMAL* IN YER TRADE, WITCHER? TO FEEL *SYMPATHY* FER MONSTERS?"

COULD BE THE REASON HE'S KILLIN' YOUR PEOPLE.

'E'S KILLIN' MY OWN 'CAUSE *'E'S MAD AS A BAG O' FROGS!* AN' THEM MONSTERS YA SEEN CHOPPED UP...

TING

...THEY WAS *BAIT,* MY DEAR WITCHER...

...AND YER *INTELLIGENT* BEIN' FELL FOR IT.

WE TOOK MONSTER LIMBS, PARTS...

...SCATTERED 'EM OVER THE FIELDS THEY ROAM...

...KNEW 'E'D BE WATCHIN', SEND 'IS OWN AFTER THE KILLER.

BUT 'STEAD OF THEM FINDIN' *ME,* I FOUND *ONE O' HIS...*

...WHO'LL TELL ME EVERYTHIN'.

THUMP

SOON HE'LL ***BREAK,*** POINT ME TO THEIR LAIR. I'LL ROUND UP AN 'UNDRED MEN-- BURN IT TO THE GROUND.

WON'T BREAK. AND THEY'LL SPOT YOUR ARMY FROM FAR, MOVE TO ANOTHER HIDEOUT.

SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHIN' A ***KILLER FOR COIN*** WOULD SAY...

LET ***ME*** TALK TO HIM. ***ALONE.***

COME, FOLKE.

WON'T TELL YE NOTHIN'!

I CAN ***HELP.***

'EARD ***THAT*** BEFORE! YE'LL 'AVE NOTHIN' FROM ME! NOTHIN'...

I'LL HELP SAVE YOUR ***VESSEL.*** RETURN IT HOME-- TO ***COLM COIMEÁDAÍ.***

MY BEST STALLION.

SERVE YE WELL, 'E WILL.

APPRECIATE THE HORSE, BUT I WAS GONNA HANDLE THINGS ON MY OWN.

I MEAN *NO OFFENSE,* WITCHER. YE SAVED MY LIFE-- I WISH TO SAFEGUARD YOURS.

DON'T NEED PROTECTION. IT'LL ONLY DRAW ATTENTION.

WE'LL GO QUIET AS *FIELD MICE,* WITCHER, ON TIPPY-TOES-- *PROMISE!*

LEMME GO! RELEASE ME, DAMN YE!

WHAT'RE YE SQUIRMIN' FOR?!

LEMME GO!

CALM YER KNICKERS!

WHAT'S HE...?

THUMP

URGH!

I WON'T SIT ON 'IM! I *CAN'T!*

HE DON'T BELONG TO ME AN' *NEVER WILL!*

I WON'T DO IT!

I WON'T RIDE!

SUITS ME *JUST* FINE.

BUT YE *EAT FISH,* AYE?!

ONLY MILK THAT DOESN'T FEED THE YOUNG, EGGS WITHOUT BREATH, HONEY LEFT TO SPARE.

HOW 'BOUT *GOBSHITE?* YE EAT THAT, TOO?

MY BLOOD'S NO *REDDER* THAN A BEAR'S, MY BREATH NO *PURER* THAN A BIRD'S. MY BODY BELONGS TO THIS *WORLD,* SAME AS AN *'ORSE'S.*

BUT YER *HEAD'S* MORE SPACIOUS THAN A PIG'S THAT *ROLLS IN ITS OWN SHITE* ALL DAY AN' THINKS *NOTHIN'* OF IT.

EQUALITY OF BREATH IS *UNITY* OF *BREATH.* YER BREATH IS THE BREATH OF OTHERS. A SINGLE BREATH THAT FLOWS ON AN' ON...

A NEVER-ENDING BREATH... TALKIN' ABOUT *IMMORTALITY?*

PAY 'IM NO MIND, WITCHER. THEIR KING FEEDS 'EM NONSENSE AN' FOOLS LIKE 'IM LAP IT RIGHT UP...

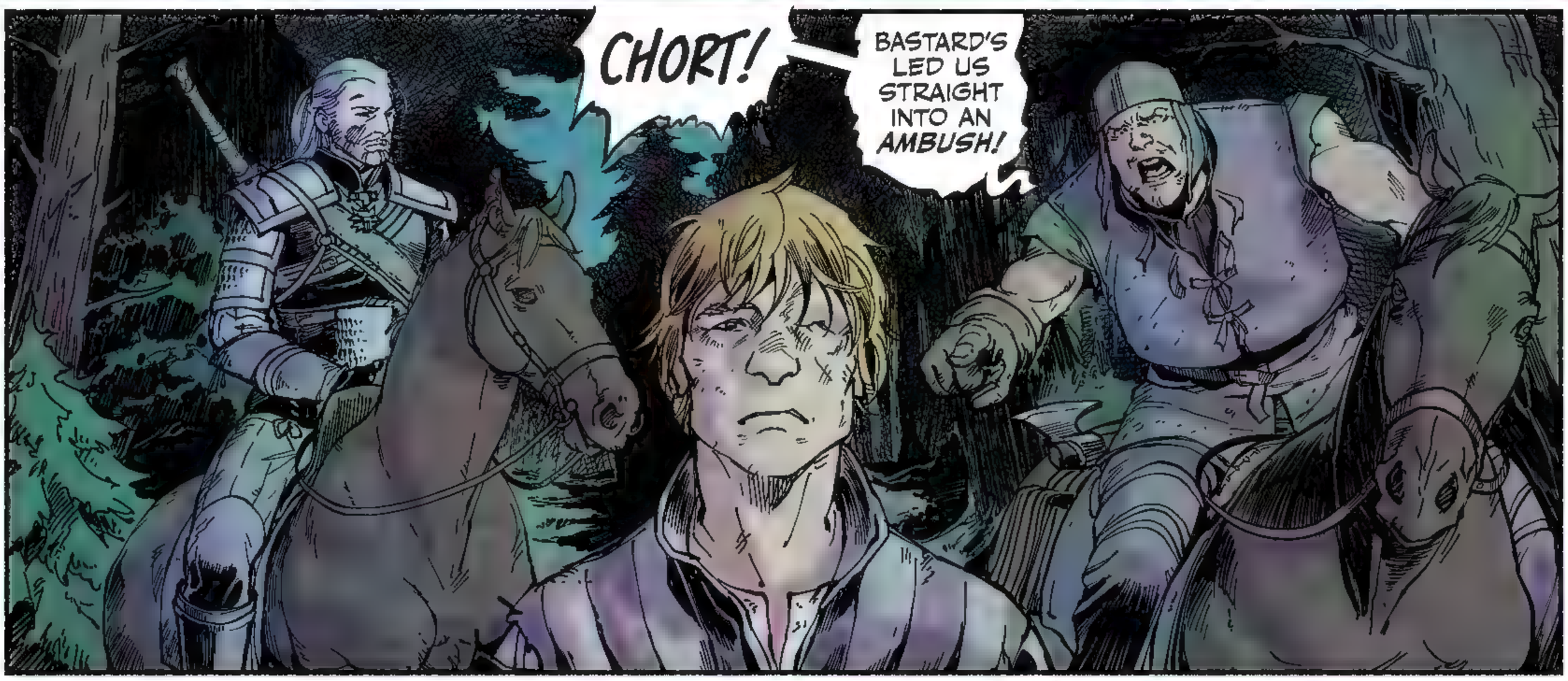
WE 'AVE *NO KING.* COLM COIMEÁDAÍ IS A BREATH KEEPER AND OUR MENTOR. OUR *FATHER.*

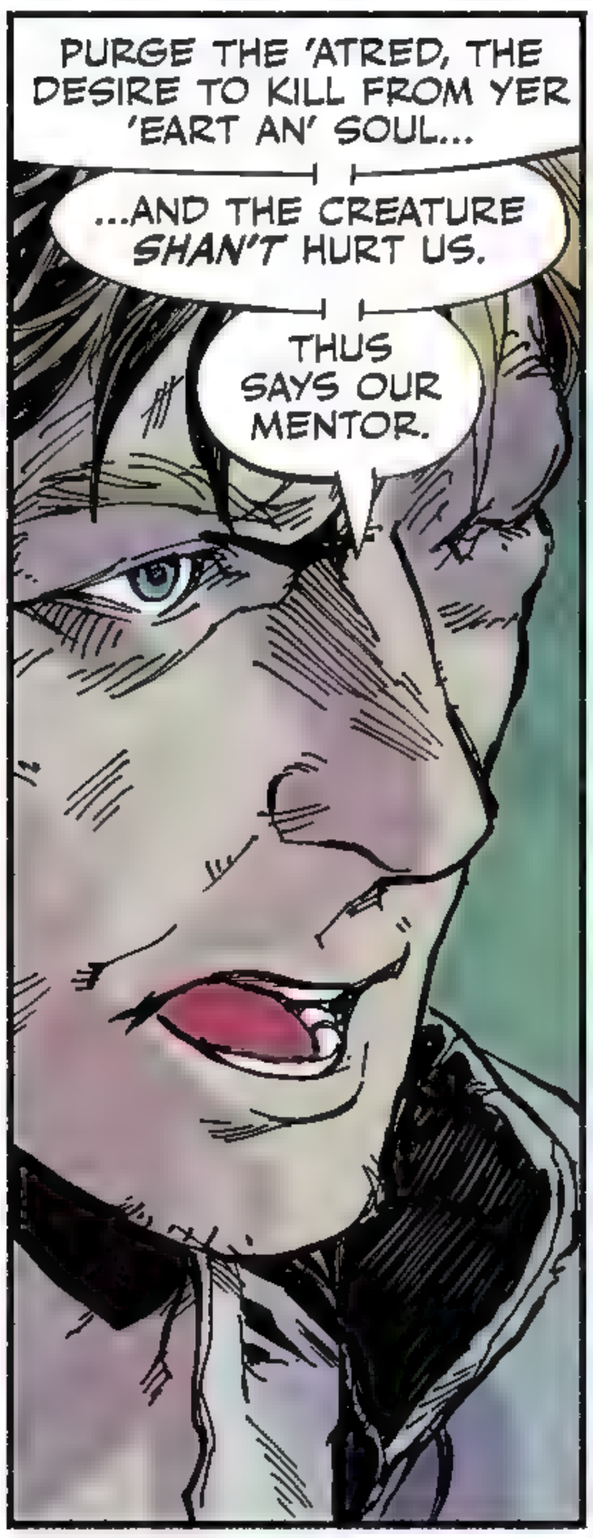
WHATEVER BREATHES, 'E CAN SPEAK TO IT AND BE 'EARD. *ALL* LIVE IN *'ARMONY.*

Pigshite... 'AD IT UP TO *'ERE* WITH THIS--

Quiet.

We're not alone...


CHORT!
BASTARD'S LED US STRAIGHT INTO AN AMBUSH!


PURGE THE 'ATRED, THE DESIRE TO KILL FROM YER 'EART AN' SOUL...
...AND THE CREATURE SHAN'T HURT US.
THUS SAYS OUR MENTOR.

IT'S A BLOODY TRAP!
WE'LL ALL BE CHORT SUPPER!

RELEASE ME. AIN'T AFRAID.
YE'LL SEE WITH YER OWN EYES.

He's spotted us...

Still not movin'...

NOW D'YE BELIEVE?

PURGE THE *'ATRED* FROM YER *'EARTS...*

...THE LUST TO *KILL...*

...CALM YERSELVES. LET US JOIN IN BREATH.

ROAR!

N-NOOO! YER BREATHS WAS *IMPURE!*

YE LYIN' *'ORSE-FECKER!*

KROOAAKR!

URGH... SHITE!

UNGH!

WHAT'RE YE WAITIN' FOR, BEAST SLAYER?!

Please...

...don't...!

AAARGH!!

AAAH!

SHUNK

GRN GR

FINISH 'IM MYSELF... SAVE YER STRENGTH, WITCHER.

FUCK

Feck...

KRAAAR

KOOA

AARGH!

SHINK

SLICE

SAVE *YOUR* STRENGTH.

I...I... was goin' to...

SHUT UP AND GET--

--DOWN!

KHE...!

A COMMON CUTTHROAT. THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE!

ALL THIS KILLING-- ENJOY IT, DON'T YOU?!

YE MEAN THIS MUCKER 'ERE?

HE'S SPILLED MUCH BLOOD, SEVERED MANY A BREATH...

WIFE OF STRAND-MARK, THE MILKMAID-- *HER,* TOO?

AND THULIN, THE FISHER-MAN?

OR PAVLO? HOW MUCH BLOOD DID THEY HAVE TO SPILL TO DESERVE THEIR DEATHS?

PAVLO CHOPPED HIS HENS' *WINGS* OFF TO CRAM MORE INTO THE COOP.

THULIN WOULD MAIM FISH HE'D CAUGHT, SEEIN' HOW THEY'D SWIM 'THOUT FINS AND TAILS.

STRANDMARK'S WIFE CUT OFF COWS' UDDERS ONCE THEIR MILK 'AD DRIED UP.

AND *INGMA?* 'CAUSE SHE HUNTED *WOLVES* FOR *FUR?*

THOSE OLDER AN' WEAKER SHE'D SNARE, THEN STARVE TILL ONE KILLED AND DEVOURED THE OTHER.

DON'T BELIEVE ME? ASK 'ER *DAUGHTER.*

YOU'LL *DIE,* ***MURDERER!***

QUITE POSSIBLY.

DEPENDS ON OUR WITCHER, THE CHOICE 'E MAKES.

HE MUST DECIDE WHAT 'E *TRULY* IS.

AN *'UMAN?* A *SUPERIOR BEIN'* DESTINED TO RULE ALL OTHER BEIN'S?

FOR THEN 'E SHALL SEVER MY BREATH, WHICH IS *TRULY* WHAT *EKEROT* DESIRES.

HE'LL SEPARATE MY 'EAD FROM ITS VESSEL, OR 'AND HIS BLADE TO BERIT SO *SHE* CAN AVENGE 'ER DEAR MAM.

OR PER'APS 'E TOO'S AN *ANIMAL?* A *BEAST* DESPISED BY 'UMANS?

THEN 'E SHALL STAND AT OUR SIDE AN' *KILL THEIR MURDERERS.*

OR FIND 'EM, LIGHT A CANDLE IN THEIR CHAMBER, AN' LEAVE THE REST TO ME.

TOUGH CHOICES-- NEVER WAS GOOD AT MAKIN' 'EM... 'SPECIALLY WHEN A PRISONER'S *LIFE* HANGS IN THE BALANCE.

I 'AVE NO NEED FER PRISONERS.

I ONLY WISH FER YE TO MAKE AN *HONEST* CHOICE.

WHY?

WHY DIDN'T YE KILL 'IM?!

WASN'T PLANNING TO.

DIDN'T PLAN TO...?! THAT BEAST KILLED MY MAM!

WHAT HE SAID ABOUT HER... WAS IT TRUE?

THEY WERE BUT ANIMALS...! STUPID ANIMALS!

WHAT NEXT, THEN? YE'LL GO KILL EKEROT, TOO?!

NO. NOT KILLING *ANYONE.*

WANTED TO GET YOU HOME SAFELY.

TIME I HEADED BACK TO *MINE.*

MY MAM'S DEAD! SOMEONE'S GOT TO PAY!

WOULDN'T ADVISE THAT. NEVER *LEADS* TO ANYTHING--

THWUP

SCHWK

ALL THIS FER SOME *STUPID WILD ANIMALS!*

TO BE CONCLUDED...

THE WITCHER®

Issue #4 On Sale January 24!

SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"